UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1140.

Original Poetry.

WHERE ART THOU.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

You bade me watch the Spaniglet's bloom,
And see its fragrance pass'd away,
Unchanged as ere that thou would'st come
And bid the bellset's earliest ly.
Yet I have wept each leaf's decay
That sleeps around young Spring's bright bow,
And mourned o'er Summer's latest ray,
Yet sighed, still lonely, "where art thou?"

My fond task is your American muse,
Where placed the fountain's sparking shower,
And said ere Summer's sun would look
Into its crystal neck my bower.
But it has shrunk beneath the power
Of Summer's widow scorching glow—
The lowking's breath—and Winter's hour
Have chilled its tribute—yet where art thou?

The heart's bright hour of Spring is gone
With all the hopes that there took wing,
And now, that all have wildly flown,
It weeps alone and sighs in vain
Its fountain's tide no more may fling
Its tribute to the thirsty plain—
Where art thou?

Portland, Me., 1843.

Original Novellette.

JONCE SMILEY;
The Boy Who Had No Friends.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EGBERT OWEN, Jr., AUTHOR OF "TRUSTING APPEARANCES," "KITTY CLARK, OR THE CHRISTMAS GIFT," "THERE'S FOOD IN A FAMILY."

CHAPTER THIRD.

IN WHICH DEACON ABIJAH UNDERWOOD MEETS SOMEBODY AS GOOD AS HIMSELF IN AN ARGUMENT, AND WHAT FOLLOWS THEREUPON.

The sun rose the next morning upon Hardscrabble just as calm as if Jonce Smiley had not been whipped, or Pelatiah Perkins knocked in the head. And Pelatiah Perkins's escape was by no means owing to her pasture, under the guidance of one of the little Perkinses, as she had never been the cause and author of a great commotion in Hardscrabble. And Deacon Abijah Underwood was, as he had been on every previous occasion, the first person stirring in the sunrise upon the top of the little knoll behind his barn. There he watched the ox of day, first evident by the rising of the day-hill for, which seemed as a weathercock, upon the steeple of the old "meeting house;" then diffusing golden light over the pleasant valley, and then the whole of the scene of settlement which is the scene of the opening of our veritable history.

The Deacon, despite his little eccentricities, and the whimsicalities of his character, was a good citizen, and a sincere Christian. The mind which could look upon the beauties of the sunrise, and not feel Benevolence, in the cheerful fearness of the creation which he saw made glorious, as it arose in the east, must be insensible to the true and kindly influences of that religion which breathes "peace on earth, and good will to men." And the Deacon was not such; sometimes context his brow: sectarian and other prejudices might occasionally lead him into theorical illiberality; but, at the same time, he was in the position might now and then betray him into practical injustice; but all the time he thought he was doing right, and extremely labored and strove so to do.

Fresh from his unwonted sleep; placid in thought as the scene around him; grateful to Heaven for his blessings, the Deacon stood, with his face turned to the east, and his hands folded upon his breast, in the attitude of prayer—the elevation of thought from earth to Heaven, the suggestion of the Creator in the creations of his hand. He felt the fully inspiration of the Psalmist, when with pious David he exclaimed, "Great and manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

Suddenly the squeaking of some unexpected pig struck his reverie. "Well, I declare!" he exclaimed—"why see is the 'squeal' of that pig that has got the name in 'Big Dumberwood!'" and clapping the hat upon his head, which he had held in his hand that his temples might be fanned by the morning breeze, the Deacon stamped lovingly down the hill, and met the Emigrant, just as he had turned, on foot, to the house, and was about to knock at the door.

The Deacon commenced the conversation:

"There hasn't no accident nor nothing happened to you I hope?" The good old man had forgotten entirely the unkind thoughts against the stranger with which, in common with all the village, he let him depart on the previous day.

The Emigrant shook his head. The Deacon had by this time filled a tobacconing quid of nine, which he pressed upon the stranger, while he pursued his enquiry.

"You ain't lost nothing, not left nothing behind you—not nothing has been stole I do trust, in Hardscrabble. But that there dumb Jonce Smiley"—

"No, no," interrupted the Emigrant, a little impatient to be set down the map, to the contents of which, as was the acute-breakfast custom in those days, he had been zealous, "I have not lost anything, but I am in trap, with a true landlord's eye to business, and, apparently lost in wonder at the Emigrant's return, pushed his half questioning countenance.

"But you are out early, and afoot, and on the back track too—it looks me out and out to know what it can be for."

"That is just what I've come to tell you; and I—one early visitor to you, I'm afraid, as I've got a long time to spare, and because I did want to see you alone. I come about to spare my horse with his day's work before I don't want to ride him any more, and a merciful man is—entitled to his beast you know."

The stranger had, with Yankee shrewdness blended up all discretion and consideration for the beast, and Deacon had nothing to do, but to sit as patiently as he could, and listen. The stranger resumed:

"Well, as said that day before, or Jonathan Smiley"—

"Possible!" ejaculated the Deacon, in undisguised wonder. "And you've walked clear back to Hardscrabble, at this time in the morning, to say that?"

The stranger mostly nodded in answer to the interrogation, and pursued: "You're seen more of the lad than I have, but a man can sometimes guess at much in half an hour, so he could see in half a life time. His mother is a poor widow woman, and I judge you'll agree with me that the boy will never come to nothing, if he stays rampaging about here, and taking his own head in every thing."

"That's just the conclusion I'd come to," said the Deacon, now beginning to feel his official importance—"and I was just going to have something done about it this very day."

"Yes," said the other, "but what kind of a something? I heard you talk yesterday about the workhouse, or the county jail. Is that doing justly as you'd be done by? Now, allowing you had a son, a little his will or so, is that the way you'd thank my body for curing him for you?"

The muscles about the Deacon's eyes twitched a little, while the Emigrant waited for his answer. The Deacon spoke, but evaded the question by another—"But where is the creature? Does anybody know, I wonder? We banted high and low last night, and could'nt find hide nor hair of him, and his mother was more than frem ten in a terrible talking. I wonder if she found him to home?"

"No," an sweed the Emigrant.

"*Possible!*" exclaimed the Deacon, "he *dared* to stay out all night! Well, there are some children who beat all for wickedness. To torment his mother, and all the whole town so! It's right down wicked! But I guess you could tell us some news if you would."

Without heeding the aggressive remark of the stranger answered, "*Dared* to stay away! Would a dumb beast dare to keep out of the reach of kicks and cuffs? I guess not. But the poor creature is entiture-fare to keep whole bones in his skin if he knows enough to try? Why Deacon, I don't suppose you know it, and I don't know that you'll care much for a fly if you know it; but that child has been abused here beyond all account, and the very mother that has been his friend and her aim—has filled all she's—to—most lost all natural affection."

The Deacon shook his head. "He's a bad boy—a dreadful bad boy—perverse and wicked, and I'm grown all, to think of his s'en just hitting Pelatiah Perkins. What a dreadful thing that would have been, if his strength had been as great as his will! But I reckon, talking about filling ears, that he's put something into your's besides cotton-wool."

"Deacon Underwood, that boy hasn't often had a chance to speak a to any body that would hark to his story, I reckon, by the way he talked to me. And it isn't his tongue alone that is his witness. The whole of his body, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, is one black and blue spot; and the scales on his back are as thick as my thumb, and so close together as the longe on your rider barrel."

"Pelatiah Perkins did thrash him prakty, that's a fact," said the Deacon.

"He beat him like a brute—worse than a brute. And, after all, I reckon it wasn't him that was to blame about the cow, I do believe, and I know he didn't throw the stone. He was on the left hand side of Pelatiah Perkins, and the boy that was to stand to reason that he could fling a rock, and hit the off side of the head. I took notice how he'd handled his bare. Thence he watched the orb of day, first evident by the rising of the day-hill for, which seemed as a weathercock, upon the steeple of the old "meeting house;" then diffusing golden light over the pleasant valley, and then the whole of the scene of settlement which is the scene of the opening of our veritable history.

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CHAPTER III.

THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

It was Sunday, three weeks from the commencement of our story. Betty was arranging herself for the afternoon parade, which all servant maidens must make after that week-day long busy spell from their right as well as their privilege. Many, perhaps the greater number, remained in the house in accordance of Providence that the poor dependent whose circumstances placed her in that situation, find in the visit to the sanctuary at once the fulfillment of a religious duty, and the gratification of a not unnaturally criminal vanity, the display of her well saved holiday finery, the exchange of greetings between friends who never meet except at such times; the assertion of independence which all can feel, indeed in the wife, and the widow, and the mother, but the exercise of their own voluntary inducement. Voluntary! God in heaven, and the poor only know how much does it alone know how little of debasement is endowing. Sympathy with the poor, there are reasons enough for, and such descent preparing for the next, and existence as a necessity and weapon, and instrument for poor degraded being is cheered into the belief that he is not quite a stranger to his kind, but to sociedad. Or, if he remember's welcome to himself, but to sociedad. Or, if he remember's welcome to himself, but to sociedad. Or, if he remember's welcome to himself

—blunter on the night that we have lived to settle's deep under water that we find the jewel lay? The Lord says 'it's here—unto ye'll be washing it spoke." And the good soul, in her intuitive knowledge of what was proper and kind, left them together.

Richardson drew his daughter from the corner of her grandmother, and seated her by his side. She could conceive of no motive for his desertion of her who was so unprepossessed in his favor—she knew that no certain tidings of her father's death had ever reached his friends, and, believing all he said, she bowed her head upon his neck to weep. "Oh God!" he thought, "I shall not be rewarded for my sacrifice!" Hadst thou not counted her to me for the ring. He told her first the story of his courtship, and how he had told her of his almost ruling ambition—that he never knew was his own bank of the paper—which, That very evening he had sealed the office of a newspaper, in order to temper the rapidity of Betty by advertising a reward for the ring. Then, upon the file of papers, his eye had accidentally fallen upon her advertisement, and he had immediately followed the trace which it gave of her.

And when Mary told her father of the manner in which she came was lost,—of her meeting him upon the following Monday—of her inclination to speak—her doubt—her fears of misconstruction—and how at last her heart failed her. As she related this, and he remembered how unscrupulous had been his thoughts, his heart smote him. He did not appear to him on that day, how much would have been saved to both!

Hope, now that one of his causes of suspicion was swept away, whispered to the father's heart; but still he dared only to hope. He told her of his seeing her name from the fearful place of misprint as we have described; and on that point too, without suspecting the least confidence in her every moment of his conduct, without knowing what was the tenor of the gentle cross-examinations to which he put her, satisfied him. The pure, who feel that they are above suspicion, are the last to learn that they are suspected.

The long had thickened out in its socket,—the morning fowls were already crowing in the room upon the living and the dead, and still the father and the daughter were in busy conference, unconscious of the passage of the hours. As she answered his questions in the freshness of her young soul, subsiding itself to one whom she might love and trust, he listened with a satisfaction which heard her every breath. Nerves and nerves had she grown in his absence, and his confidence in her every moment of her conduct, without knowing what was the tenor of the gentle cross-examinations to which he put her, satisfied him. The pure, who feel that they are above suspicion, are the last to learn that they are suspected.

Little remains to be said, save the particulars of the happy consummation, and how it happened that Mr. Richardson could meet, without confusion, his own child. He heart pearned to her, even when he de-nied her both a stranger and unworthy; but it is thus that affection often makes us humane, and the heart that is in doubt respecting its own beloved is never more tender to those who seem destitute. Called almost even before Mary's arrival, to the bedside of her mother, Richardson was at a frequent visitor, general wel-come among her prisoners, or her once imagined that he was among the living.

At the date of our story the son found himself wealthy, and alone in the world, without a mother, son to share his fortune. He had just returned from an excursion to the south, where he had traced his mother from place to place, and at last to New York. Meantime, as rewards had fallen upon her, she had prospered, and he could find no trace of his lost mother. He had been but a short time in the south, to the city when the train of circumstances which formed the subject of this sketch occurred, and he watched the bedside of his aged parent just in season for her to imagine from his sudden apparition, that she had lost her son in Heaven.

The daughter, we need not say, proved all that a father's heart could wish. He had known from one and else what she had never known before, a father. Upon these advertising for a thanksgiving, and she was the first to present herself, with the ring upon her finger. Mary's story—and it is told in a new one in her possession, but she was not at all surprised to part with it for a more gaudy one.

Mrs. Mowdell, one of the acknowledged "ton," was of course among the invited at the soiree which Mr. Richardson felt bound to give in consideration of the creditors to which as a stranger of trusted and about he was welcomed. As she went home, Mrs. Mowdell declared to her daughter, that she did not think the heiress a very beautiful piece. "And I do believe," said she,—"I am sure—I must have seen her somewhere before."

She had. And—but the rest will do, some time or other, for another story.

The Farmer.

THE SPINE OF PLANTS.

In all vertebrate animals there is a part at the back of the neck, between the spine marrow and the brain, where a sensitive spot is situated, called the vital knot; in a corresponding point in plants, between the root and the stem, which is called the root and—and at this point plants may be more readily injured than at any where else. Most plants, also, may be killed by covering this point too deeply in the soil. In all seedling plants, that sink or root part is immediately beneath the point where the seed leaves originate, and if the plant be covered with soil to a strong state, the part which is left in the ground will rapidly rot, and the plant will die. In all plants, however, and particularly in herbaceous plants which have fleshy stems, and also, in various kinds of trees and shrubs, the roots after the plant has attained a certain age, become furnished with adventitious buds; and, when the plant or tree is cut over by the collar, these dormant buds are called into action, and throw up shoots which are called suckers. No suckers, however, ever shoot up by the root of a plant cut through at the collar while it is in the soil. The stem or trunk left above ground, and the roots without a stalk, are present (in season), to throw up one. There are some plants of the herbaceous kind, such as the horse-radish, for example, that do not suffer even if the roots should be buried a foot, or a foot and a half; but by far the greater number of the plants grown in the fields, or in the garden, suffer from the process we have mentioned. So also by having the collar covered with soil, or by having the collar exposed purpose to moody plants, whether large or small. It is to destroy a large one, or burning up earth round the base of its trunk, and care to prevent a small one from growing, by tilling it and planting it six inches or a foot deeper than the soil was before. Here the great importance of not planting any plant deeper in the soil than it was before it was set. Almost also the reason why trees planted in deeply trenched soil and rich manure often die, is that the soil against the planter. In planting these trees, the soil immediately under and about them should be only disturbed by breaking and removing them the soil in the other parts of the ground, and by filling in the soil (after the general level) to coincide with it, not the gardener in the ingenious error into which he fell, by the collar of the tree becoming buried several inches beneath the surface.—*London's Suburban Horticultural Journal.*

PITCH.—It is still years since potatoes were first known in England. They were introduced at Cork, Ireland, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth in 1565, by Captain John Hawkins, brought from Virginia, and planted by Sir Walter Raleigh, who had come to reside in Ireland; but the general feeling of the public was so little understood at that time, that Sir Walter was forced to immediately dig up the roots, instead of bringing this article to perfection in that country, as he had done after he had raised the first potatoes the stalks grew up, and he perceived that some grew apple, he thought that was the fruit, which he had no idea of being connected with the root. He caused some of them to be cooked, but finding them unsavoury to the taste, he concluded that he had no talent, and for some time thought no more of potatoes. However, having some time after gotten directions that the ground should be dug up, he gathered in his very great surprise he found a plentiful crop of fruit, which proved good eating to the taste. From which he reasoned, and, and became the principal food of the Irish peasantry.

A white swan was shot near Muscatine, Wisconsin, by Mr. J. Cullum, which stands five feet high, and measures eight feet in length, from the tip of one wing to that of the other. It is the largest bird that has been killed in the Territory.

BEARS CROPPY WEEK.—Large quantities of domestic woolen were manufactured in Bears Creek, and near Reading, there are eight or ten carpards, and the business is said to be in a thriving condition.

BRAZIERS.—*The Delaware State Journal*, of May 8th, says, the crop of corn in New-castle County promises fairly. Wheat and grass are looking but backward in appearance. Tar-corn has not yet come up.

NEW YORK.—The weather for the last week has been remarkably fine. Warm in the middle part hoed and better or gone, and a more abundant crop than ever.—*Corning (Steuben Co.) Adv.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, June 3, 1843.

☞ WILLIAM ADAMS is still our agent to collect bills for the United States Saturday Post and Chronicle, and for Graham's Magazine in the City and County of Philadelphia.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement made with us by which the outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit us the amount due us. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $5, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of Arthur's new novel, "FORESTER LIFE," gratis.

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Arthur's new novel, "FANNY DALE."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post, and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage. Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have a paper gratis; and any one seller, by sending $9 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Mutter, mutter, mutter! The ingenuity of some men from Canada, be ventured to survive under a perfectly unaccountable to those who have the common sense to take things as they happen, and make the best of them, and not to quarrel at the worst of the best. But the large number of these self-tormentors is evidenced in the enormous sales which are found in pamphlets and speeches. A common term which this dis-position for forboding evil takes, is in the imagination that the person who possesses it, is a man of mind, or one who is gifted with some dire disease. The premonitions of imminent deadly illness are constantly imagined in a few days, and the patient is generally daily drenched with the whole alphabet of remedies, for the whole alphabet of diseases.

Other grumblers and croakers are in continual fear relative to the weather, the crops, the times, trade and business. They lose all faith, apparent and content in the present, and their only hope for the future appears to be that it will be kind enough to turn out differently from the past. In this case, his pen was solicited by those who were best acquainted with his full and unbounded confidence in the science of public interest, and his ability to explain and defend the same.

"His 'Sketches of American Policy' published in 1785, his writings in favor of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in defence of Washington's proclamation of neutrality, and of the treaty negotiated by Jay with Great Britain, in 1794, his public services on public opinion and were highly appreciated. Various other topics from time to time he also published discussed by him. In 1793, he commenced and for a period in New York, a weekly paper called *Commercial Advertiser and New York Spectator*.

"In 1796, he published his 'Political Dictionary,' and in 1807 entered on the great business of his life in compiling his 'New American Cyclopedia, or Universal Dictionary of the English Language. This work he prosecuted under various difficulties for several years, and published the first edition of it in 1820. In the preparation of this Dictionary he was assisted by a great extent the object of Etymology, and the relations of various languages to each other. This department, which was highly interesting to him, he believed, the author ever anticipated. Dr. Webster formed no opinion without investigation, and such opinion on any subject so appeared to him, after mature deliberation to be true, and which he gave out of the next attempt, the seeds and causes of your last failure. If the season is late, remember that a diligent will in all these matters often compensates. If you are among the cuts in politics, improve your seasons in studying your own business; a duty which is our land "a million acres" among politicians.

If you want a present panacea, read this week's Post. On page the last, two lovers will discover how a patient capture won his bride, in spite of her enemies at court; and divers other matters, from grave to gay, will be found in the same neighborhood.

If you do not know your own sex, carefully scrutinize and closely examine the following, from the pen of Jonathan Smiler, venerable named fame, and see how he sat down invariably with the wrong end when he balances it struck. And now, gentle reader, we will present a group of sweet (vast odds against us) that Ezekiel will bring his love out "all right" in the end.

For a separate theme, we open a new paragraph. We should do injustice to our own paper in calling attention to the contents, could we year over the numbers upon the first page. They are enough to make a poet's reputation; possessing more variety of beauty and excellence than we have often met in similar compass. We cannot refrain from quoting, though the whole is in the reader's hand:

"Thou knowest not unto me bread.
Thy promise to restore."

Out of the inspired volume there is not in the language a sentence more beautiful, or more gently grand in force of meaning than this. And this is but one gem of many in the casket, while the whole are almost uniformly attractive in thought, and rich in diction. But if the author will read his own composition, and feel, as he must, the enriching thoughts to which they give expression, he will find some-more in a new stanza in much better keeping than that which is now the opening one. The figure which closes the beginning of the fourth line is inadmissible a theme. And, again, for "Apostasy" in Stanza VI, let him substitute a scripture image, the sense remaining the same, and the readily suggest itself. It is the glory of the inspired book that the most familiar are its images, the more impressive are they.

CHURCH FOR SEAMEN.

A meeting was held on Monday of last week, at Finney's church, Broadway, to take the preparatory steps toward organizing offices in behalf of the religious instruction of Seamen, by the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the City of New York. Revd. Joseph H. G. H. George was appointed Secretary. The Rev. Mr. Goodman read a lengthy address, setting forth the necessity of the Seamen's Friend Society's existence and importance of the business to which they are engaged—their present neglected and comparative destitute condition—and the claims which they have upon the sympathies and exertions of Christians generally. Several resolutions were offered, and a part of them one thousand dollars, the appointment of a Committee, for the purpose of opening a Chapel for seamen, under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and to report at a subsequent meeting a regular plan of organization. The resolutions were supported by Revd. Mr. Ogilvie, in a few pertinent and excellent remarks upon the necessity of such an undertaking, to which he dwelt upon the peculiar situation of seamen, and set out their claims to distant lands, where our country is represented by few others than wicked and debauched seamen. He spoke of the many Bethels in the world, which, he thought, could readily be turned to advantage by religious instruction, and he hoped to see the same accomplished in this city. He was sure no resolution should be mocked in the Delaware, similar to that in progress of preparation at New York. A subscription was then opened, and $1000 was raised on the street or meeter, every vessel regularly entered at this port, with at least two Bibles, and no sailor was considered destitute.

Touching the *Floating Chapel* in the Delaware, as the good enterprise is put in its infancy, we beg the proprietors to think *better of it*. The writer of this notice has had in his experience, some personal knowledge of what seamen like, and of what seamen think in relation to these matters; and he can assure the gentlemen that they would infinitely prefer a Chapel on land; and that less like a ship and like more like a Church it should look, the better would it please them. "Long Tom Coffin," in one of Cooper's Sea Tales, considers the land as good for nothing but as a place to furnish sea cooks, the "home on the ocean wave," being the true and natural home of the sailor; but there are very few Long Tom Coffins. In efforts for seamen, the kindest benefactor philanthropists very often make the mistake of providing for them as if they were a separate order of beings, and as if they wished, as slaves, all kinds of shipped, all solid land fixed into waves, all fresh fish-edied, and all things on land calculated into a rolling motion to change at sea. The sailor is a man, and is often regarded by them as an insult to their understanding, to have any thing else than a man-like treatment. Such an insult as defame the sentiment which it was conceived. The "floating chapel" would involve much more expense and trouble than a chapel on land—would be more difficult to keep in order—would be a hybrid—neither ship nor shore, a vessel nor a church. Absolute that defective part of your excellent project.

The Bethels and offices of vessels were present, and the audience appeared very favorably inclined toward the undertaking. We understand a meeting will be carried out; for, once commenced, it is almost certain to succeed.

DEATH OF NOAH WEBSTER.

This venerable man, whose history is a part of that of his country, in services as honorable and useful as the service of statesmanship, or of arms, departed this life, at his residence in New Haven, on Sunday evening last, in the 83d year of his age. The intervals of his life he has been unremittingly employed, in the best the evidences of which will live after him; and at the period of his decease, he was engaged on the revision of his Dictionary of the English Language; a work among the most honorable to the literature of the English Lexicons, in point of value, and a glance at the leading events of his life the reader is referred to the following obituary notice from the New Haven Herald. Mr. Webster was always been classed with the Federalist School; but his was a character which commanded the willing homage of all parties, and which was above party, and him in political views or not. Earnest, direct, and frank, his pen had a masculine vigor and directness, which made any position attacked by him assailable, the more so that the reader felt that it must be a sincere and strong mind from which such thoughts and arguments proceeded.

"Dr. Webster has been a long time before the public as a prominent individual in the various departments of society, and a distinguished author. His political events of his life cannot be unacceptable to the public. He was born in West Hartford, Conn., October 16th, 1758. He was a descendant of Rev. John Webster, one of the first settlers of Hartford, who was a member of the Colonial Council from its first settlement, and subsequently governor of the Colony.

"Noah Webster entered Yale College in 1774, in his junior year, in the time of Burgoyne's expedition from Canada, he volunteered his services under the command of his father, who was captain in the *alarm list*. In that campaign, all the militia of the State of Connecticut were called out at the same time. Notwithstanding this interruption in his studies Mr. Webster graduated with honor in September in 1778. During the summer of 1779, he resided in the family of Mr. Abraham Jones, of Glastenbury, near Hartford. He was educated to the bar in the 1781. Soon after he commenced the business of instruction, and being strongly impressed with the defects of the system of education which was then pursued, published in 1783, at Hartford, his *First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Grammar*. The great success of this work, and of the same plan of education in his Reader and Speller, Webster early became a political writer. His first publication in this character was at Hartford, in 1784, on the subject of the paper money system. This was followed by a series of papers in the Connecticut Courant, over the signature of Hamilton, he received the thanks of Governor Trumbull in a public letter, and the approbation of other gentlemen of distinction. At various other periods of public excitement, from 1784 to 1787, his pen was solicited by those who were best acquainted with his full and unbounded confidence in the science of public interest, and his ability to explain and defend the same.

"His 'Sketches of American Policy' published in 1785, his writings in favor of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in defence of Washington's proclamation of neutrality, and of the treaty negotiated by Jay with Great Britain, in 1794, his public services on public opinion and were highly appreciated. Various other topics from time to time he also published discussed by him. In 1793, he commenced and for a period in New York, a weekly paper called *Commercial Advertiser and New York Spectator*.

"In 1796, he published his 'Political Dictionary,' and in 1807 entered on the great business of his life in compiling his 'New American Cyclopedia, or Universal Dictionary of the English Language. This work he prosecuted under various difficulties for several years, and published the first edition of it in 1820. In the preparation of this Dictionary he was assisted by a great extent the object of Etymology, and the relations of various languages to each other. This department, which was highly interesting to him, he believed, the author ever anticipated. Dr. Webster formed no opinion without investigation, and such opinion on any subject so appeared to him, after mature deliberation to be true, and which he gave out of the next attempt, the seeds and causes of your last failure. If the season is late, remember that a diligent will in all these matters often compensates. If you are among the cuts in politics, improve your seasons in studying your own business; a duty which is our land "a million acres" among politicians.

If you want a present panacea, read this week's Post. On page the last, two lovers will discover how a patient capture won his bride, in spite of his enemies at court; and divers other matters, from grave to gay, will be found in the same neighborhood.

If you do not know your own sex, carefully scrutinize and closely examine the following, from the pen of Jonathan Smiler, venerable named fame, and see how he sat down invariably with the wrong end when he balances it struck. And now, gentle reader, we will present a group of sweet (vast odds against us) that Ezekiel will bring his love out "all right" in the end.

For a separate theme, we open a new paragraph. We should do injustice to our own paper in calling attention to the contents, could we year over the numbers upon the first page. They are enough to make a poet's reputation; possessing more variety of beauty and excellence than we have often met in similar compass. We cannot refrain from quoting, though the whole is in the reader's hand:

"Thou knowest not unto me bread.
Thy promise to restore."

Out of the inspired volume there is not in the language a sentence more beautiful, or more gently grand in force of meaning than this. And this is but one gem of many in the casket, while the whole are almost uniformly attractive in thought, and rich in diction. But if the author will read his own composition, and feel, as he must, the enriching thoughts to which they give expression, he will find some-more in a new stanza in much better keeping than that which is now the opening one. The figure which closes the beginning of the fourth line is inadmissible a theme. And, again, for "Apostasy" in Stanza VI, let him substitute a scripture image, the sense remaining the same, and the readily suggest itself. It is the glory of the inspired book that the most familiar are its images, the more impressive are they.

CHURCH FOR SEAMEN.

A meeting was held on Monday of last week, at Finney's church, Broadway, to take the preparatory steps toward organizing offices in behalf of the religious instruction of Seamen, by the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the City of New York. Revd. Joseph H. G. H. George was appointed Secretary. The Rev. Mr. Goodman read a lengthy address, setting forth the necessity of the Seamen's Friend Society's existence and importance of the business to which they are engaged—their present neglected and comparative destitute condition—and the claims which they have upon the sympathies and exertions of Christians generally. Several resolutions were offered, and a part of them one thousand dollars, the appointment of a Committee, for the purpose of opening a Chapel for seamen, under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and to report at a subsequent meeting a regular plan of organization. The resolutions were supported by Revd. Mr. Ogilvie, in a few pertinent and excellent remarks upon the necessity of such an undertaking, to which he dwelt upon the peculiar situation of seamen, and set out their claims to distant lands, where our country is represented by few others than wicked and debauched seamen. He spoke of the many Bethels in the world, which, he thought, could readily be turned to advantage by religious instruction, and he hoped to see the same accomplished in this city. He was sure no resolution should be mocked in the Delaware, similar to that in progress of preparation at New York. A subscription was then opened, and $1000 was raised on the street or meeter, every vessel regularly entered at this port, with at least two Bibles, and no sailor was considered destitute.

Touching the *Floating Chapel* in the Delaware, as the good enterprise is put in its infancy, we beg the proprietors to *think better of it*. The writer of this notice has had in his experience, some personal knowledge of what seamen like, and of what seamen think in relation to these matters; and he can assure the gentlemen that they would infinitely prefer a Chapel on land; and that less like a ship and like more like a Church it should look, the better would it please them. "Long Tom Coffin," in one of Cooper's Sea Tales, considers the land as good for nothing but as a place to furnish sea cooks, the "home on the ocean wave," being the true and natural home of the sailor; but there are very few Long Tom Coffins. In efforts for seamen, the kindest benefactor philanthropists very often make the mistake

TEXAS NEWS.

The news this week from Texas is rather "heavy." In the first place a second expedition has been fitted out against Santa Fe, in collecting which, the difficulty was, not to induce persons to join it, but to keep them where they did not want. The Texas Gazettes says, five hundred men are certainly known to be in the field, and that it is thought that there is more eight. The plan of general rendezvous was Coffin's Station, on the time, the 15th of April. The route was on the south side of Red River, and military operations were to be exclusively confined to the territory of Texas and Mexico. They are said, in the Galveston Civilian, to number among the officers persons, which were to have left either Santa Fe or St. Louis, and will probably intercept them on the road. They left part done, however, and have. The city of Santa Fe will be entered, and if it is deemed prudent, and the people of the country are said to be friendly, their friends and benefactors from the tyrants and blood suckers who now oppress them, a descent will be made upon Chihuahua and the whole of Northern Mexico may be revolutionized. On this, however, the men are determined: That they will not return without having struck a blow at the enemy.

Another item of news is a proclamation by "I. Sam Houston," outlawing Com. Moore, revoking his letters of marque, dated Oct. 16th, and commanding him in pursuance of subsequent orders, forthwith to report himself in person, at the Naval Department at Texas, Galveston, under the penalties of forfeiture of Moore's rents on the high seas in disobedience of orders, and "requests all the governments in the treaty, or friendly with those of this government, and all naval officers on the high seas, or in ports foreign to this country, to seize the said Post Captain, E. W. Moore, and cause him to be sent to this city, under safe guard, and bring them, or any of them, into the port of Galveston, that the charges may be investigated by the public, and the culprit or culprits arraigned and punished by the sentence of a legal tribunal."

Com. Moore has published a letter in answer to Gen. Moore, not having the fear of President Houston before his eyes, and in anticipation of being hung, drawn and quartered, and published also in the editor of the Texas Times, in which he says: "In the event of my being declared by proclamation of the President as a pirate, I shall proceed to the first state, ever my signature, that I go down to attack the Mexican Squadron, with the *nearest and full* force of the Texas Navy, which is all that I need of this ship as one of the Commissioners to carry into effect the secret act of Congress, in relation to the navy, and who is going with me, believing as I do, that it is the best thing that could be done for the country."

The New Orleans Tropic states that the "British frigate Sparrow, 36 guns, had left Galveston, the commander having in his possession the late proclamation of Mr. Attorney General Ellison, the British Minister to Texas, sailed from New Orleans on the steamer Alabama, in her last trip, for the purpose of having an interview with the bad Houston's Proclamation in his possession. These movements look like a concentration of forces, a determination on the part of the agents of the British Government in this quarter, to aid the President of Texas in his mad career of folly and ruin. We hope that he will not be in the slightest degree surprised to hear in the course of the next few days, that the naval forces of Texas have been captured by one of the infamous scoundrel, Sam Houston, has driven the 'Lone Star' from the Gulf of Mexico." Perhaps all these movements were preconcerted, and a part of the plan of operations.

THOMAS GODFREY.

We need hardly tell our Philadelphia readers that Thomas Godfrey was a distinguished poet, and friend and co-member of Franklin, in a scientific and literary association, while both were yet young men. Godfrey died young, and left behind him but little of his genius. It was supposed that her career of deception was closed by the destruction of the Erie, on board of which she had taken passage, and was supposed to have perished in the awful conflagration. But it seems she is yet in the land of the living, and as ready to deceive poor mortals as ever.

Recently, Mr. J. K., a farmer, for some time a widower, related to us how one M. A. W., a whistling woman of three feet, called on him, and, in behalf of a representing that she had passed through great vicissitudes of fortune, but finally emerged from the difficulties, relations, and friends, with whom, however, she had safely deposited in bank. The short of the story is that the widower, Mr. K., in his hurried fondness, to go and get this money, and come back and marry him. She has forgotten to return, and "he is left lamenting."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Among the items of Literary News current, we find it stated that Mr. Cooper has in press a new work, to be entitled "Wing and Wing," which we will probably be published by Lea & Blanchard in August or September. The scene, we believe, is to be laid in the North Sea, and the Mediterranean. The work will in some respects resemble the author's other nautical novel, "The Pilot," in action and character, but will be more elaborate and finished. A favorite among Mr. Cooper's Novels, and many a reader will be glad to hear that he has returned to the labor from which he seems to have derived so much pleasure.

Dr. Harris, U. S. N., author of "The Life and Services of Commodore Bainbridge," is preparing a work for the press, to be entitled "The Life and Services of Commodore Decatur." Dr. Harris has access to the papers of the late Commodore; and who is himself, during the last war, in the intimate acquaintance. The work cannot fail to be an deeply interesting as it will in its first sale and demand to attainment. The fine drawings of the late veteran will appear under great advantages, simply as they will be, and we have every confidence that Dr. Harris's work will not be a failure.

CURIOUS FIX.

The Boston Mercantile Journal of the 31st of a wedding in that city. "A couple of young lovers made all the preparations for a wedding in the forenoon and afternoon, and after keeping a large company waiting two hours it was announced that the intervening ceremony must be postponed one day, the parties not being entitled to a certificate from the city clerk till to-day." It strikes us that the company must have "gone ahead," and got married. The law of Massachusetts, which requires "publication of the names," cannot certainly be evaded in any other way without the publication, provided there be no other objection. The worst that could have happened, would have been an imposition of the bride's age, and have been reluctant to prosecute; and it would have been better to run that risk, than to have looked foolish for one day, and to have waited for twenty-four more; and most foolish when the knot was really tied.

ANOTHER ESCAPE.

Since the "escape" of the "patriots" from Canada to North New Wales, several escapes have been recorded. The last week, several escapes have been recorded. The last week, several escapes have been recorded. The last week

United States SATURDAY POST.

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LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

Names will not be taken off nor be acknowledged by us.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashions.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilcher.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky.

Mr. JAMES ROBERTSON, of Detroit, is our Agent for Michigan.

Mr. JAMES M. STEVENSON, assisted by James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson, for Kentucky.

HENRY R. GILLESPIE is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL JAMES is Agent for us in the Southern and South-Western States, and is assisted by James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Hall, and Henry Morgan.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for Georgia.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania, assisted by Thomas Pierce.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, and is assisted by Worcester and Hall.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized as our agent to receive subscriptions to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. He has also a depot for our papers and books in Nashville.

U. P. THOMAS, 147 Main Street, Cincinnati

Notices of New Works.

PETERSON'S BOOK—*The Artist and Lady's World united.*—Here we have the promise of a magazine of rare excellence. Mr. Peterson, proprietor of The Lady's World of Art, Literature and Fashion, has purchased Mr. Quarre' Artist, a periodical widely known for the novelty and elegance of its embellishments, and for the taste with which it has been conducted. The union of these two periodicals is the secret of which is known only to Mr. Quarre. By this union, Mr. Peterson secures the services of Mr. Quarre and his pictorial, and Mr. Graham secures in the fashion department, while he retains the valuable aid of Mr. Sartain, whose mezzotints are so much admired. Since the last of January, the circulation of the Artist has been increased to 30,000 copies, a circulation equal, and with the least possible increase, to 50,000. Mr. Peterson has been enabled to make this periodical the cheapest and most elegant one of its new arrangements. We understand these features were published in Paris more than a year ago, when the prices of other magazines are usually engraved here.

We have dwelt so long on the embellishments that we can give but a word to the literary matter. This is excellent, indeed better than usual. The tale by Mary *Hewitt*, author of "Sowing and Reaping," "The Queen's Proctor," "The Devoted Wife," and three or four others we might name. There is some good poetry in the number, especially a fine poem by Mrs. Stephens.

Mr. Peterson issues two distinct numbers this month, one for Lady's World, and one for Artist Artist, in order to close their respective volumes and finish the continued tales of each book. With the next number the two work will be united, and for the future Graham's Magazine, The Lady's World, The Artist, The Saturday Post, and The Lady's National Magazine, will be issued from this office. By the proprietor, in another column, it would seem that if clergymen as well as music can win subscribers, they will receive a copy of the Lady's World. He offers his rack for $2.00; and his inducements to clubs are astonishingly great.

THE PORTION OF THE SOUL. *By the Rev. Hermann Hooker, Philadelphia: A new edition—Hermann Hooker, Philadelphia.*—This is a book for the serious and depth of which are by no means to be taken at the out set or very superficial. From the nature of the subject it is eminently a suggestive work; while it will give form and distinctness to much that every Christian has felt in his heart. "The Portion of the Soul," would have been a better title for the work; for it is an argument to show that nothing but a union with God can satisfy the immortal longings which move man's interior and spiritual existence. And as the very likeness of the Great I Am, and the image of immortality, they remove one ever fully understand the Creator, the author remarks. "Our capacities, as infinite beings, will never cease to extend and to demand new objects of thought for discovery and occupation. It is part of our constitution to be dissatisfied with what it thoroughly comprehends." 12mo. pp. 252. Price $1.00.

HARPER'S FAMILY LIBRARY. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and Harper & Brothers, New York.*—Messrs. Harpers' announced the issue of this valuable series for fifty cents the volume, it was thought cheapness unexampled, and that the sale would be the immediate and enormous. But it is not so. Messrs. Zieber & Co. have issued the first volume of the series at a cent for cent in two cents each book. This low price for binding cannot of course be expected where a volume or two is offered, but a list of twenty or twenty-five volumes can be bound anywhere for that price. The works which have not appeared are: Milman's History of the Jews, Lockhart's Napoleon, and Southey's Nelson, six volumes, and the seventh volume will this week be published, as one appears each week.

CLOSE OF ART AND BEAUTY—*W. H. Graham, 98 Chesnut street.*—Here is the prettiest pictorial work of the season, beautifully printing and well bound. The chromo mezzotint and line engravings, thirteen lovely fairies and picturesque landscapes are enough to win any lady's heart at sight, and to charm in the night way; and we take it that Mr. Graham will be besieged by those desirous of making gifts, wishing to add to their centre tables. The work is not a bad engraving in the book; and the whole is got up in the best style. We have seen no work of the kind in which the illustrations are so beautiful. Even the prizes given by such men as Landseer, Woolcott, Middleton and others of equal ability, we have paid the work for the price of the subscription. The price for the work is but one dollar.

HOME OR THE IRON HILL. *A Domestic Story. By Mrs. Ellis, Author of the Wives of England, &c. New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., Perkins & Purves, W. H. Graham.*—This is a well written tale, illustrative of a moral extracted from Lyttleton. There is a great deal of difference between a good man and a good factor: I have known bad men, who excelled my father in personal size, so he was superior to them in the only virtue." Stunning its pages has convinced us that it may do a vast deal of good; and we commend it to persons in every family.

THE LADY'S BOOK. *Philadelphia: L. A. Godey.*—This number completes a volume. The embellishments are from two pictures, one by Mr Daniel Wilkie, the other by C. R. Leslie; and a series of designs by Croome, illustrating a poem by Mrs. Hale, the "Angel's Visits." In the letter are some truly beautiful and poetical touches, but we think the general effect is a little marred by too elaborate illustrations of mere ornamental work; which should have more of a fanciful character, to correspond with the subject which, as a whole, is beautifully treated. Mrs. Hale Miss Leslie, Mrs. Seaman, Mrs. Embury and Miss Lesley are the lady contributors, and of the other we have Arthur, Burleigh, Dallas, McClellan, Mellichamp and others, one of whose contributions we prefer may himself judge of (if he have patience to read) from the first page of this paper.

HESTER O'HALLORAN, *and his Men. Mardi Anything O'Toole. By Wm. H. Bennett. Philadelphia: Gen. S. Appleton, 140 Chesnut street.* Mr Maxwell is the author of stories of Waterloo, and several other volumes of abundant merit, and great interest, from their off-hand and natural manner of relation. They are by no means deficient in what is called "plot," but in them they have every tragic interest; and some of the descriptions of the terrors of war, and its cruelties, with which they are interspersed, are eloquent disavowals against the barbarity of butchery with circumstance and pomp. We is no less than that. This is one of the best books of the class, and may be had at different prices, corresponding with its "getting up."

THE DAUGHTER OF QUEEN MARY. *New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., Perkins & Purves; J. H. Van Vort.* This is a publication of the London Religious Tract Society, here reprinted, without alterations or additions. Such is one side in the great controversy now going on between Protestantism and the Roman Church, it will be a very popular work. Its style is pleasant. We need not advise any reader of even tolerable acquaintance with English history of the character of the contents; and we have only to recommend that of the work. It appears to be done with cleanness and care.

THE ECLECTIC MUSEUM, *for June. Edited by J. H. Agnew. Philadelphia: E. Littell.* An excellent number of one of the scientifically best of the periodicals of this description ever published. This number is embellished with a mezzotint engraving of Hyde Park's "Napoleon at St. Helena," and in quantity of matter includes 140 pages of every variety, historical, biographic, scientific, philosophical, social, medical, military, political and statistical. Nor are the ballon letter forgotten. In a word, the publication seems to be one in the Late, a pattern number sufficient for a week's reading.

NEAWOM'S HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, *during the First Three Centuries. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.*—*Vaughell & Co.*—This work is publishing in parts, subject to periodical postage, as the numbers of a periodical. "The Biblical Cabinet," of the version does, particularly in the matter of country clergymen, and others, who may desire to obtain so valuable a work, (which by the way has been out of print before this) will find it the most accessible cost, and with the least possible inconvenience.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. This work, we learn by a notice on the cover, will be permanently sold on the 20th of June next, at auction, in the city of Richmond, by order of the administrator of the estate of the late proprietor, Mr. John R. Thomas. Mr. White is yielded a handsome revenue, and supported a high literary character—and we hope that in the hands of the new purchaser, all do well in his hands. In the hands of a competent conductor it must do well.

LE LIVRE MUSICAL LIBRARY. *Philadelphia: Gaydy & McMichael.* This favorite work, for June, contains a selection of fashionable music, embracing a waltz, march, barcarole, air, cavatina, solo song and ballad, each, of its kind, beautiful; and the collection, as a whole, presenting music for all tastes, simple and elegant, and for all purposes, single pieces, original or adapted, at about one tenth the price they would cost in any other shape.

BRAND'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. *Part I. New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves, and Zieber & Co.*—This work will be completed in Fifteen Parts, each containing 96 pages, and will be published every four years, and is constitutional to a delegation from all the Annual Conferences in the Union. It is the only body that can legislate on the doctrines and discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

MARYLAND EPISCOPAL CONVENTION. The Maryland Episcopal Convention assembled in Baltimore on Wednesday. The Rev. Dr. Henshaw, Bishop elect of Rhode Island, was appointed to deliver the opening discourse of the session; and much interest was felt in the speaker, and in the subject, as it involves, as it inevitably must, in connexion with the Maryland Diocese, in which, for a quarter of a century, the Rev. Dr. Kemper has been Bishop. Bishop's charge was expected to be delivered on Thursday.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

At the late M. E. Conference in New York, it was resolved, during the present year, to raise $20,000 to add to the permanent fund of the Wesleyan University.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 21.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Saint James's Church, Seventh above Market street. Saint Andrew's Church, Eighth above Spruce street. Church of the Ascension, Lombard above Eleventh street. St. Timothy's Church, Spring Garden street below Broad street. Saint John's Church, corner of Brown and Saint John. Advent Church, (in Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Front. Epiphany, Tenth, by Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth street above Catharine. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Lombard. Saint Matthew's Church, Francisville. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

PROTESTANTS.—Our Saviour.—Second Church, Seventh below Arch street. Eighth Church, Spruce above Third street. Central Church, Eighth and Spruce streets. Union Church, Eighth and Spruce street.

PRESBYTERIAN.—New School.—Third Church, Fourth and Fire street. Clinton street Church, Clinton and Tenth street. Western Church, corner of Filbert and Schuylkill Seventh. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties. Buttonwood street below Sixth. Fifth Church, Seventh, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Haseltonville Church.

GERMAN REFORMED.—German Reformed Church, Race street below Fourth.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

UNIVERSALISTS.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

UNITARIANISM.—All open on Sunday Evening.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

CATHOLIC.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, 4th street below Quarne.

MORMON.—Meeting House, Julianna street above Wood.

MARINERS.—Mariners' Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson streets.

COLORED.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Union Methodist Church, below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Coates street below Old York Road. Zion Methodist Church, Broad street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

PREACHING OF DEATH A SEARCHING.—Solitude, darkness, and a crisis, these will be times of anxiety, on which several resolutions were pending, was, by a vote of 66 to 33, left to the lower judicatories of each to submit.

In the Old School Assembly, which holds annual meetings, the matter of unlawful marriages has been in the process disposed of by the appointment of a committee of five to examine the subject, and report at the next General Assembly, after which the report will be printed for the use of presbyteries for their action.

Among the reports read we find one from the Committee on Publications. From this it appears that during the year ending April, 1843, the Presbyterian Board of Publication have printed twenty-one volumes of various kinds, containing in all 7,682,000 pages, besides 6,367,350 pages of new editions from stereotyped works. They have also published 1,781,000 pages of catechisms and tracts. The number of pages this year falls short of those published the previous year. From the Treasurer's report, April 1, 1843, it appears that the money in his hands then amounted to $7,187 68. During the year ending April 1, 1843, he has received in payment for subscriptions and donations, $6,810 87; from the sale of books, $13,960 84; making, in all, $34,959 24. The amount expended is $18,409 84, leaving a balance in the treasury of $7,486 80.

On the subject of the imposition of hands by the Ruling Elders in Ordinations, the Assembly decided from 132 to 99, that it is unconstitutional and inconsistent with the practice of the church.

The report of the Board of Education states that the supply of candidates is greater than last year. The number of new candidates licensed during the year has been one hundred and six, making the whole number added by the Board, since its origin, two hundred and thirty. The number on the roll for the last year was three hundred and fifty.

The receipts of the year have been $30,000, which sum exceeds the disbursement by a few hundred dollars, and is an advance of twenty-four per cent. upon last year. The Boards, Committees, and other offices were filled by election, as usual, and the Sacramentary celebration of the Westminster Assembly was determined upon, to take place on the 1st of July, or some other day, during the present year.

ANNIVERSARIES.

This is anniversary week with the large number of philanthropic and religious associations of which Boston is the centre. In the other cities, these interesting meetings are nearly, if not quite all past. And now, the managers, and those interested, having compared the relations of their labors, are ready for a fresh and more energetic start in the good work. The observation of epochs in a man's life, or in the life time of an association, is like the division of a book into chapters. It facilitates progress and imparts new strength. From the experience of these societies generally, during the past year, it would appear that practical things are best done, generally, when least is said. But, otherwise, public attention has been more than ever attracted to their great and useful objects.

The Religious Anniversaries in Boston commenced on Monday, with the American Education, and the Seamen's Aid Societies. To-day the following is condensed from the annual report of the Education Society.

The receipts of the society and its several branches (excluding the central board in New York,) have been $27,945 61. The New York and Boston Societies, the receipts of the year in New England have been $59,290,54; leaving a balance in the treasury of $4,433,79. The most rigid economy has been observed. The entire expenditure of the year

Gems from the Poets.

TO MISS M——

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD

I know that thou art beautiful—
In dreams I see thy face,
I see its dimples come and go
Like light in fleecy snow;
I see the clustering curls that frame own
Thy wreath before long and sleek,
And on thy softly rounded cheek,
The smiles bloom I most.
And why so like? what wizard spell
Hath lavished with peculiar power
My fancy thus? a mirror thou—
A woman—soul—and flower!
I heard thy voice—its every tone—
I would not call it sweet,
For sweet is nothing if it wreaks it with smiles
Of careful loveliness.
It speaks to me where'er my lips
To joy thy name shall learn,
Though how they can for mirror melt
And answering smiles return.
In gentle words of love they speaks,
And I was very sure.
That all the books were eloquent,
With flowing high and pure
I knew that thou art beautiful—
For thou hast told me so.
In a sweet language that I learned
Of Flora long ago.
Thou'st won me from thy garden bower
The latest rosebud there,
And I have treasured its leaves
Where rifle with scenting rare.
It told of virgin bloom and hope,
And modesty and truth;
Ah! what an ill so fragrant flowers
To sanction many youth!
It touched a weary stranger's heart,
That rose she had not been,
Could give a kindly thought to her
In kindness for her sheen.
It 'minded her of days gone by
Of hope and love and truth,
When blossoms for her youthful brow
In many a garden bland.
Ah! far away from home and friends
That heart still warmly beats
With something of its olden joy,
When such as thee she meets—
And all its future dreams shall rise
The rose and picture call.
That self-same freshness and dimple
Of the sweet-natured English girl

From the Mouthlies.

FROM THE LADIES' COMPANION, FOR JUNE.

CAPTAIN MILLAR.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her, that she did pity them."—Othello.

One summer afternoon, in the year 1—, an American ship of the first class was descried entering the mouth of Boston harbor, steadily approaching the city, under favor of a light breeze. She was by an experienced mariner would doubtless have seen, at a glance, that the vessel was returning from a long voyage. To the view, however, of the various fishing parties in the bay, and of the few spectators who occasionally regarded her through a spy-glass from a distance, she not only appeared to be under, but had an air of fondness and gaiety from that declared her under control management. For several days, indeed, the crew had hailed themselves as good purpose in accomplished craft, to insure her handsome appearance on reaching port; and now the purpose followed had just finished putting themselves in final array, and, over and above, turned their best behavior, with great cheerfulness, to the green shores which seemed to welcome their arrival. It is the truth, one of the most pleasant things in the world to great ones more the stable earth, after a long abode upon "ocean's awry and melancholy waste." And absolute as that bay appears in winter, on an af- noon in June, beneath a cloudless sky, and to the gaze of men who had rocked on the waves for nearly five months, it seemed like an opening paradise. The mate, while he overlooked the preparations for spon's landing, could not refrain from a low whistle of complacency, as he anticipated the delights of "going ashore." He walked the deck with unwonted buoyancy, and there was none of the accustomed exercise in his eye as he watched the sailors at their work. Indeed, he showed a marvellous alacrity and good will in loading jack- a hand where none was necessarily for so doing, which elicited a significant smile from more than one old sea-dog, and created was his behavior to the early discipline of somethings. The excellent captain of the state were somewhat dashed, when, in one of his superfluous turns, he chanced to spy the Captain running over the bulwarks with the saddest expression, of countenance he had ever known him to assume.

"A lamentful harbor this, sir," at length he observed, with a view to rouse his commander from his gloomy reverie.

"Very," was the laconic reply.

"Our pilot seems to embrace his business, sir."

"Well enough."

"Is that Sullivan's Island, sir?"

"Yes."

These terse rejoinders did not pique the mate's curiosity, which greatly increased, when, on entering from the cabin, after making his toilet, he found the Captain in the same position, gazing as fixedly upon the lovely scene around him, as if he (the mate) had been so many icebergs and still wearing his sea jacket and trowsers. At length he hesitated to intrude upon this protracted silence, with an inquiry relative to the ship's papers, and having succeeded in his attention, determined to "plant out the heart of his mystery" by a bold interrogatory. "Excuse me, Captain, but a strikes me as a little strange, that while I, who was never in Boston in my life, feel so glad at the sight of the Saint-House, you should look with such indifferent eyes upon your home."

"No," replied the Captain, mournfully, "I have no home.

The mate reeled, but his inquisitiveness was changed to respectful sympathy, at discovering that no side a romance and misfortune to mate, he knew his chief to be, could survey the pleasant features of the native land after years of absence and unsuccessful adventure, without a single association of joy. He revealed the devoted care which he had bestowed upon out the crew, who did their duty on the voyage, and died at last in his arms, with his parting sigh, upon his lips, the name of the home and wife of his choice whom he had been so all night for a continuance in the East Indies, in receiving property from the estate. A thousand instances of similar generosity rushed upon his mind, and he added, with honest frankness that overflowing with noble sympathies, and, that circumstances as he was, idolized by his crew, and with warm friends in every port, should be so much at home.

The ship was soon safely moored, and the Captain leaving very leisurely inside the regular arrangements, stepped upon the wharf with as little apparent interest as if he had left a mere nook, and walked along the busy streets without a single glance of curiosity. He smiled meaningly, however, once or twice when he was passed by some bustling gentleman with a carefree nod of recognition, plainly indicating how little he had been missed. At length he was comfortably seated in his lonely room at the Fremont House, watching the "darkies below" as they passed. "After all," he mused, "no-one is a—, it is better to have been a wanderer and so not to have suffered my fear soul to be cramped and crushed like many of those sons of Mammon." The Captain's soliloquy was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a waiter, who announced a visitor in the hall-room, bringing no card for words. He became much agitated, and the request of his attendant, to repeat the name of the romance the stranger, mumbled out some unintelligible sounds and vaguely, and evidently quickened his pace, with a look of eroding interest, at the eager gesture of the Captain. Hastily inclined him to enter the room, and, the door closed, the meeting of the stranger into his apartment, "explain that transpiring. What a pack of fuss to make about a few ounces all appearance before my departure, and placed in your hands for safe-keeping, and, as terrible character. You preferred to trust myself. My shadowy self-love. I stood on my voyage with the happy reminiscence, that on my return, Adeline would be there. This hope sustained me, and my letters came regularly, breathing the deepest affection, when, just as I was preparing to embark for home, arrived last mail—and the last letter—that which I will believe was written by her, and your kind regards, which I will not believe. She shall confirm with her own lips, sir, I will not, but she shall confirm with her own lips, sir."

"Ah, Captain," cried his companion, with some confidence, "I must not, I dare not, believe you have suffered. I cannot imagine that you have been false to your word, and, de- rate himself by the conduct of a man of honor, not to endure upon her return. Some of the best families in the Ohio Legislature are for a tax on bustles. We never knew a luckier time to advertise Bowles' something to say against the ladies behind their backs.

"A clergyman being complained of by another for drawing his sermons too much from books, replied, 'Why, then this reply, 'Feed your flock better, and then they will not stray.'

"The Boston Post is to blame for the following conundrum: Why are bustles like historical romances? Because they are *founded on facts*."

"A man that would call every thing by its right name, would hardly pass through the world without being knocked down on a common count.

"Why is the letter B like a fiddle?" enquired a dunce upon copper coin, like a fiddle? Because it is only useful when it is being put upon [illegible]

"It is highly absurd to call drunkenness a beastly habit. Who ever heard of a beast that was addicted to tippling?

"Hard times! and we must make the best of which we have—as the genius said when he was sentenced to hang.

"There is a man in Vermont who stretch at hand, that every time he commences he gets to a sentence.

"Why is a lady's bustle like a rage? 'Cause it's generally stuffed to-back.

"Do not enter a room suddenly, says the Spirit of the Age, where you know there is a young lady and gentleman sitting tenderly close in the family fixins. Of course not; if you do, you will rake the flame, and be sure to meet with a cool reception. Don't it, sir, gets!

"The New Orleans Picayune tells a story of a person who went into a tailor's shop, and stated they had a pea-harp. "No," replied the Yankee tailor, "but we can take the measure for one in a month and make you one !"

A fellow named Pancake, recently committed suicide in Kentucky, and left, to whom he was paying his addresses, trouble's bawbles. Poor Pancake! it must have Sybelvia [illegible]

There is a man out West who makes a living by attending all the runs, and appearing as a witness in the cases. He has followed the business for years, and finds it profitable.

A grand jury of Indiana have presented the practice of dancing as a nuisance; being a fruitful consumption of time and waste of shoe leather.

Fabulous stories about green peas in the market are called *pea-rages*.

Why is a fowl's neck like a tail? When it is a *rump* for dinner.

Choice Selections.

POVERTY IN YOUTH.

An English judge being asked what contributed most to the lot, replied, "Some succeed by great talent; some by great industry; some by a thrifty, but the majority by commencing without a shilling." The most unhappy holds those of genius and liberal profession. A traveller who starts on a journey with a lively gait, or too much baggage, is much less likely to get on with comfort to himself, and success to his enterprise, than he who travels with moderate himself.

Poverty is a sharpener of the wits, and an incentive to exertion. No man who has the requisites for success—and every man in his sphere has—need despair of success in a republic. If the exercise of them is necessary to his pecuniary support and comfort, he will succeed. Indifference to his fate and fatalist to infer the business of life—to adopt the doctrine of the Mahometans in their motto, what is to chance is, that when the hour of necessity arrives, he will be found unprepared, and will perish in the neglected opportunities. The occurrence of those opportunities depends on chance; but the knowledge by a recollection of the history of the rich men and the great enterprises of the world. Many a poor lad is enabled, by the changes and chances of life, to become rich, who has not been born with his rich schoolmate.

There are many rich people in the world who have themselves no idea what they are good for—and whose friends have never thoroughly found them out. Some that the rich by inheritance. The rich Rajah's wealth, whose wants were very popular fourteen or fifteen years ago, and ended in a jail, was squandered now, has an excellent story, among her other excellences, of Mrs. Caudle—entitled "Caudle's Curtain Lectures"—which is the best thing she ever wrote. Some crookers remind one of the boy who was asked how many times in the year he washed his face. "Once a day, and never came down again. Or, to be more exact, the boy might be likened to the child of the Irish gravedigger, who was seen one night looking about the church-yard. "What are you looking for, my son?" "Oh! I've lost my lantern!" "You have your lantern in your hand." "Ah! but the candle is gone!" "Candle and all, I lantern I've lost!" "That it was in mental disorder, and that the lantern they have lost, that of the lantern they have found.

FROM THE NEW MIRROR.

TO HERMAN H. HUFF.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Nay, laugh not, Herman Huff!
Is a life so sone ever so thin—
And thought so unsubstantial—being in a hurf
Time'ye mention 'to pay to most
The reckoning of an idle hour?
Are reckon'd, like days in eclipse
And thought you have spoken brightly,
You've lost an much light from your lips!

Nay, laugh, Huff!

The ray that is longest sustained
Must be one of a thousand before—
And, loss when we will, we have wasted
An age in the moment that's gone!
Perchance Cupid's forging a fetter
For you in the hour that you laugh!
And, just for the chance, we had better
Be laying up sighs by, I say!

Nay, laugh, smile!

Criticism.

THE GRAHAM WRITERS.

BY JOHN NEAL.

We copy the following spirited and faithful criticism of the three writers for "Graham's Magazine"—or rather of the "Writers" for the June number—from the *Boston Courier*. *Lindsay* and *Neal* will give place to it simply, because it is in fine contrast with the usual style of criticism in the periodical press, which mark the notices of new publications with a sameness, and a want of discrimination, which is a reproach to the country. Many a book of merit is lost, and many a book of demerit is praised, for the want of a little discrimination in the critic. We have no objection to the praise of our friends, but we do object to the indiscriminate praise of everything that comes from the press of the country, because it is a reproach to the country, and to the literature of our own department, the issue of publications will be from year to year, and we shall be glad to see a fair share of praise for which the number is dated. We shall maintain this supremacy on this point, which was gained by The Knickerbocker, and which we have made a strong witness, in matters of fashion.

The Standard of Authority.

We come now to the literary department. This will be under the control of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Charles J. Peterson, assisted by the first writers of both sexes in the country. We wish distinctly understood that we shall spell correctly.

Original Articles.

And that no subscriber who takes our work for the sake of its contributors, will be deceived with old tales and poems which first met her or his eye years before. The first class of writers in the country will be engaged for every number, and we shall continue to use them. We shall, therefore, in addition to Mr. Graham's established staff, publish, in every number a succession of

Able or Highly Engraving,

executed in the best style by Osborne, Kelly, Rawson, Walter, and others of the first artists in the country. And also of the

Finest Fashion Plates,

handsomely coloured, will be given. In the department there will be no distortion. Arrangements have been entered into, by which Madame Quarre will obtain the fashions in advance of their publication in Paris, and will be sent to the country in season for the publication of the engravings in this city. Thus, in the department,